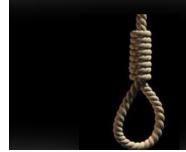
05/08/2020 Burt









Burt











Chapter 1 by Eugine McQuire

Fuck.

I know how Two Face felt.

Maybe we don't know what the fuck we are doing after all and we can only ride the chaos with something cold and inhuman to take the rap.

The personality test reminds me of fucking Scientology.

I hate Scientology.

Is happiness freedom?

The more the machine reads into the thrills I feel from breaking boundaries the more it pushes.

No, I want to say, I can't kill her.

But it's right.

I want to.

Jail sucks!

Not if we go on a nature walk and I push her off a high ravine or something. I live in the right area for that. There is like three deaths a year.

It's climbing to four.

This should not be turning me on.

See more of Story Wars

or

Create new account

05/08/2020 Burt

We the people blah blah something can pursue happiness and give us guns. I mean I'm no	
Republican but that brainwashing patriotism is starting to resound.	
OK.	
Meantime back in the Batcave	
How, or should I say what, is my prerogative for going there?	
Mother's day?	
God this is going to crush me.	
На На На На	
Maybe I'll have to take a vacation with that inheritance money- well fuck	
I'll just ask the machine.	
Me and you buddy. You need a name. How bout Burt?	
Burt the happiness machine.	
Write a draft for chapter 2 of 8 (1 draft)	
1 You need to login before writing - click here	
Continue the story	
	//
☐ Flag as mature ☐ receive feedback Submit draft	
Write a comment	
See more of Story Wars	
Login or Create new account	